cup21 g

With the Calves-Head Club:

Imitated from Horace, *Epiſt.* 5, *Lib* 1.

IF, deareſt *Diſmal*, you for once can Dine
Upon a ſingle Diſh, and Tavern Wine,
T——l——nd to you this Invitation ſends,
To eat the *CALVES-HEAD* with your truſty Friends,
Suſpend a while your vain Ambitious Hopes,
Leave hunting after Bribes, forget your Tropes:
To Morrow we our *Myſtick Feaſt* prepare,
Where Thou, our lateſt *Proſelyte*, ſhalt ſhare:
When We, by proper Signs and Symbols tell,
How, by *Brave Hands*, the *Royal TRAYTOR* fell,
The Meat ſhall repreſent the *TYRANT*'s Head,
The Wine, his Blood, *our Predeceſſors* ſhed,
Whilſt an *Alluding* Hymn ſome Artiſt ſings,
We toaſt Confuſion to the Race of Kings:
At Monarcy we nobly ſhew our Spight,
And talk *what Fools call Treaſon* all the Night:
Who, by Diſgraces or ill Fortune ſunk,
Feels not his Soul enliven'd when he's Drunk?
Wine can clear up *G—d—lph—n*'s cloudy Face,
And fill *J——ck Sm——th* with hopes to keep his Place;
By Force of Wine ev'n *Sc——rb——r——w* is brave
Hal-- grows more Pert, and *S——mm——rs* not ſo Grave:
Wine can give *P——rt—d* Wit, and *Cl——v——nd* Senſe
M--t--g--e Learing, *B——li——n* Eloquence:
Ch——ly, when Drunk, can never loſe his *Wand*,
And *L——ne——n* then imagines he has Land.
My Province is, to ſee that all be right,
Glaſſes and Linnen clean, and Pewter bright;
From our *Myſterious Club* to keep out Spies,
And *Tories* (dreſs'd like Waiters) in Diſguiſe.
You ſhall be coupled as you beſt approve,
Seated at Table next the Men you love.
S——nd——d Or——rd, B——l, and *R——ch——d's* Grace
Will come; and *H---mp---n* ſhall have *W——p——l's* Place.
W——hn, unleſs prevented by a Whore
Will hardly fail, and there is room for more;
But I love Elbow-room whene're I Drink,
And honeſt *Harry* is too apt to ſtink.
Let no Pretence of Bus'neſs make you ſtay.
Yet take one word of Council by the Way.
If *Gu——rn——y* calls, ſend word you're gone abroad;
He'll teaze you with King *Charles* and Biſhop *Laud*,
Or make you Faſt, and carry you to Prayers;
But if he will break in, and walk up Stairs,
Steal by the Back-door out, and leave him there;
Then Order *Squaſh* to call a Hackney Chair.

January 29.

SI potes archaicis conviva recumbere lectis,
Nec modica cœnare times olus omne patellâ:
Supremo te ſole domi, Torquate, manebo.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Mitte leves ſpes, & certamina divitiarum,
Et Moſchi cauſam: Cras nato Cæſare feſtus
Dat veniam ſomnumque dies: impune licebit
Æſtivam ſermone benigno tendere noctem.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Quid non ebrietas deſignat? operta recludit;
[illegible] jubet eſſe ratas, in prœlia trudit inermem;
[illegible]

Contractâ quem non in paupertate ſolutum?
Hæc ego procurare & idoneus imperor, & non
Invitus; ne turpe toral, ne ſordida mappa
Corruget nares, ne non & cantharus & lanx
Oſtendat tibi te; ne fidos inter amicos
Sit qui dicta foras eliminet; ut coeat par
Jungaturque pari. Brutum tibi Septimiumque
Et niſi cœna prior potiorque puella Sabinum
Detinet, aſſumam. locus eſt & pluribus umbris;
Sed nimis arcta premunt olidæ convivia capræ.
Tu quotus eſſe velis reſcribe: [illegible]
[illegible] poſtico falle clientem.

T-----l----nd's Invitation to *DISMAL*, to Dine with the *Calves-Head* Club.

cup 21 g.43/62

Imitated from Horace, *Epiſt.* 5, *Lib* 1.

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January 29.

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Dat veniam ſomnumque dies: impune licebit
Æſtivam ſermone benigno tendere noctem.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
Quid non ebrietas deſignat? operta recludit;
Spes jubet eſſe ratas; in prælia trudit inermem:
Sollicitis animis onus eximit; addocet artes.
Fœcundi calices quem non fecere diſertum?
Contracta quem non in paupertate ſolutum?
Hæc ego procurare & idoneus imperor, & non
Invitus; ne turpe toral, ne ſordida mappa
Corruget nares, ne non & cantharus & lanx
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Detinet, aſſumam, locus eſt & pluribus umbris:
Sed nimis arcta premunt olidæ convivia capræ.
Tu quotus eſſe Velis reſcribe: & rebus omiſſis,
Atria ſervantem poſtico falle clientem.